WIVES AND DAUGHTEES. The Tactoful Shop Girls and the Newest Peckethocks—A Feetish Man's Flirtation —The Newest Fad in Pashionable Sectory.

There is something admirable in the way the little shop gifls manage to appear as well as they do. They are often becomingly dressed. and quite in the mode, so far as out and fit go. A stranger, seeing one or two at a time on Sunday morning on the way to church, would not suspect them to be workers. What they do is to imitate the current styles with lowpriced materials, using cheap sating, woollens, or velvets to produce the effects they see ong the stylish belies they wait upon. They have taste, good looks, and the ability to impart stylishness to their inexpensive robes.

It is in the way of eccentricities and accessories of the toilet that rich belles manage to keep ahead. Take pocketbooks, for an exam-They have been growing slimmer and taller for the last year. They resemble clubs at a little distance, and the last fashion is to have handles to them: they are twelve and fourteen inches long, and about four wide. They contain one long pocket, in which one of the tiny fashionable-embroidered handker-chiefs is stretched out, a pocket partitioned off into three sections for change, another long one in which bills are folded, and a corner in which reposes a two-inch square pad of per-forated buckskin, in which veloutine is packed in rose leaf. There is a new a cosmetic for surreptitious use when the bloom is not on a fair heek. A simple leaf, the petal of a flower. will renew its freshness, for you can buy now little celluloid boxes, packed with two dozen carmine-stained muslin rose leaves. By the plication of one dry, the faintest blush of health is produced; a slight moisture deepens it in intensity, and the rose leaf held between the wet lips a moment makes them as beauti fully red "as if a bee had newly stung them. All this you find in the fashionable pocketbook of a lady just now, and when this wallet is made of fragrant leather, or the saurian's map-like hide, or the scaly serpent's skin, nicely bound with edges and corners of scroll work silver, it is an interesting article. It is different from the port-monkey of a man. That is usually a portly affair, rotund with dreadful papers, stuffed with bank notes and checks. and only relieved from monotony by a packet of court plaster and a few railway tickets.

Do the foolish men travel more than the others, or does it make a man silly to put him on a ear and send him away from home? I ask this question because I meet so many men ac-ting like idiots on every journey I take. Dipretty girl, perhaps 22 years of age, and across the way was a fine-looking, middle-aged man with a sweet-taged wife, two lovely children, and a nursemaid. This party was evidently returning from some prolonged visit to the country, and heading for "Grandma's" to stay until the holidays. The conversation of the children the holidays. The conversation of the children told all this to every one in the parlor car. Presently when mamma was deep in a new book, and nurse had the babies on a sofa at the end of the car, the scamp of a husband opened the campaign by surreptitious smales in the looking glass at the pretty girl. During the day he first with the result of the car, the scamp of a husband opened the pent over her novel, the man would make eyes right over her shoulder to the amusement and disgust of the passengers. Finally he went to a rack in which telegraph blanks were deposited, took one, and retired. After a while he came back, waiked to the opposite end of the car, and, as he returned, he swayed with its motion and adroitly laid a folded paper on miss's knee. It was the telegraph blank, and written on it was this: "I am strangely interested in you, and desire a further acquaintance, Will you write me on your return to New York? A note addressed to John Johnson, 964 Beaver street, will reach a delighted man. Give me some signal before I leave (at the next station) that I may know my ists." The girl read over and over this impudent communication. Then, as she felt the eyes of half the passengers upon her, also you as a straid of the result, and she turned to a lady, passed the paper over and asked: "What would you do were you in my place?"

An old gentleman in front spoke up: "Give that paper, whatever there is on it, to that insuited wite."

Well, bless mel if she didn't get up, cross over to the chair in which the wife sat, place the open communication near the acceptance of the country of the paper over and asked: "What would you do were you in my place?" told all this to every one in the parlor car.

well, bless mel if she didn't get up, cross over to the chair in which the wife sat, place the open communication or he wife sat, place over to the chair in which the wife sat, place the open communication on her lap, and say: "The gentleman with you gave me that a moment ago. I don't quite understand it." Nearly the whole car load watched the developments with intense interest. Some were sorry for the wife and feit vexed at the exposure of the man for her sake, but the lady quietly read it through. She was pule as ashes, but she turned a glance of such contempt on the man, that we all knew there was trouble in store for that delusion and sane. Then she faced about and said pleasantly to the pretty girl: "Thank you; you have rendered me a very great seryou; you have rendered me a very great ser-vice. The cars stopped and the party with drew, the filrting husband making a desperate attempt to look unconcerned, but the outlook for one fool of a traveller was by no means pleasant, if we could read faces.

There is no place where women show less sense and discretion than in handling rich furs. Succeeding a season, when it their seal-skins reached the ground the wearers were happy, came the era of bobtail sacques and abbreviated visites. Women took to the furriers great loose dolmans, paletots with overhanging sleevers, and cloaks they could wear with comfort for years, and had whittled out of their vast possessions some skimpy little wrap of the nevalent style, that just rested on their busiles behind. Did any one ever have any fur left or a scrap of sealskin after such an operation? Oh, no. One woman this year reasoned that the almanacs said it would be an open winter, and her husband had sold his aleigh, so she sent his soalskin cout to a maker-over of these garments. She had a small pelerine cape constructed, with tab ends coming down in front, that could have been made from the back alone of the overcoat. It was fitted up with two sealskin ornaments or tabe, and balls of sealskin depending from the cape behind. For making this garment the firm charged \$47, and she didn't get a scrap of sealskin. She wrote back that her husband thought there must be some fur sleeves and a front or two coming to her, but they presented her with a couple of pleces as big as her hand, and yowed that that was every inch unused. As time where on the woman got still more dispatisfied with her small wrap, and probably her husband thought regretfully of his big coat. Some one spoke to a local furrier. Do you suppose they cut up that splendid overcoat for that fashionable affair Mrs. Z. is wearing?" He exclaimed: "Not much. They gave her the thing she wanted but the coat, as the man wore it, is doing service this winter."

If you intend to be exquisitely fashionable in There is no place where women show less

ing?" He exclaimed: "Not much. They gave her the thing she wanted, but the coat, as the man wore it, is doing service this winter."

If you intend to be exquisitely fashionable in your entertainments this season you must hire talent from the public shows. It is the eustom in Europe for social assemblies to depend on professional performers for special entertainment. After the opera is over and the surtains are dropped in the various theatres, the bright actors or actresses in full evening dress go off to some private house in Belgravia, and there give the howling swells proof of their talent. Such men as Corney Grain and George Grosmith will visit several places in a night at \$25 to \$50 each. It seems beneath an artist, this taking half hours in private houses, and the first time I saw Cofney Grain, big, handsome, clever, the most distinguished-looking man in a crowd of titled dudiets, come in late, in full evening costume, speak to the hostess, and hold himself aloof, till he got the cue from her lady-ship, then press through the throng, go to the plano, and give a half-hour's entertainment with all the genius for which he is noted, respond to a well-bred pattering of gloves, make a courteous acknowledgment of their applause. I was rather grieved by it. After this he would probably be seen talking with the host; he would stroil to the smoking room, or linger a moment in the drawing-room door, take something, and, as the major demo of the staff of attendants helped him on with his overcoar, he would receive a cash envelope, take his roil of music, and in hop into a cab at the door to go, perhaps, to another party, and do his little rurn again. This aids materially to an artist's income if not to his self-respect. This winter in New York the same fashion is to be generally followed. Comie mimics and many singers are engaged as far ahead as February. The little prim beauty, Adelaide Detchon, who belonges to Wallack's company one or two seasons. and immortalized herself at a fittle supper one night by asking. "Wha

The dealers in second-hand finery are clever f device. The writer found the walls of what was once a parlor hung with dresses three cop, and piles of others on the tables and harrs. The dwarf of a man in charge of the lace greeted his visitor warmly, and asked

her whether she wanted an indoor or a walking suit. Womanike, one of them replied that she wished to see whateve the hands. A server accompanying the gown with some such remark as: Here is one which I will tell you in strict youndedned by the country of the cou

THE STORY OF A DIFORCE SUIT. Showing the Queer Ways of Lawyers and Citento in New England.

Boston, Nov. 4 .- About a year and a half ago Mrs. Dr. Page of this city was one of those who championed the cause of Parson Downs of the Bowdoin Square Church, who was then in the hottest period of his difficulties. She was so impressed by his preaching that she felt she could safely confide to him her troubles and be reasonably sure of sympathy and aid. One Sunday after the services she went to the pastor and told her story. The result was that Lawyer John A. Coffey was called to listen to the tale, which was to the effect that for three years she had not lived with her husband on

Mrs. Page, who had been living in Biddeford. Me., had been persuaded to come to Boston. where Mr. Page was practising as a physician at 47 Rutland street. She was determined never to live with him again, and he was equally anxious that she should obtain a divorce for reasons which did not then appear. An interview was had, and the husband proposed that "Chic," as he often addressed his wife, should go back to Maine and obtain a divorce that "Chic," as he often addressed his wife, should go back to Maine and obtain a divorce on the ground of desertion, and that if she would agree o do this he would pay her \$2,000. This was the condition of affairs when Mrs. Page unburdened herself to Parson Downs and Lawyer Coffey. Acting upon the lawyer's advice, Mrs. Page met her husband and his attorney again and agreed to take the desired stee. A bond was presented her, stating in substance that when she obtained the divorce she would receive \$2,000. With this she was not satisfied and demanded cash.

"Oh, no, Chic," said the doctor. "Suppose I paid you \$2,000 and then you failed to keep the bargain? I shall have to borrow this money and cannot afford to pay it for nothing."

The result was that Mrs. Page returned empty-handed to Coffey, who as yet had not appeared in the matter.

"Hol hol" said Coffey; "I told you to accept their terms. Go back and secure the bond." Again she returned to the husband, and this time accepted the bond, which she carried to Coffey, who laid it snugly away.

Now, said Coffey, "we will bring him into the Probate Court and force him to support you." But with the appearance of Mr. Coffey's hand in the game the husband took fright, and every effort was made to prevail upon Mrs. Page to yield up the bond, but Coffey hung on to it, Dr. Page retained Lawyer Pillsbury, who ignorant of the existence of the bond, attempted a compromise. He proposed the payment of \$2,000.

"Do you know about the bond?" queried Coffey.

"All the more reason for a settlement." said Mr. Pillisbury.

"All the more reason for more money." re-

"All the more reason for a settlement," said Mr. Filliabury.
"All the more reason for more money," replied Mr. Colley.

Bickerings. meetings, and consultations without number ensued, until, at length, on the day before the divorce proceedings at Alfred, Maine, \$3.500 was paid over by Mr. Filliabury on behalf of his client, or his client's brother, for whom he was acting, and who was furnishing the funds. The money was placed in the hands of a third party, with instructions to pay the same to Mrs. Page upon her divorce being made absolute.

The following day, June 11, the divorce suit was tried, and a decree his granted. The charges were inhuman treatment, cruel and abusive treatment of children, and neglect to provide. Thirty deliars a month was also allowed as alimony for six months.

This settled everthing apparently to the satisfaction of Mrs. Page, although Colley had not yet been paid. Mrs. Page thought her former husband could also be compelled to pay a bill of about \$1.000 for her board with her mother. Mrs. Florence Smith, previous to the decree, and one or two other items.

Coffey endeavored to collect this bill, and finally compromised with the divorced husband for \$859. He paid a dry goods bill of \$209 out of this amount and retained the rest in part payment for his services. for which he charged \$1.087. Now Mrs. Florence Smith, mother of Mrs. Page, sues Mr. Coffey for this board money. The case was called for trial to-day, and will be disposed of before long.

Mrs, Bennett's Pet. PAYNESVILLE, Minn., Nov. 4 .- As Mrs. A. E. Bennett of this town was returning home last Tuesday evening she was followed by a wi'd mink, which trotted after her like a dog without manifesting fear or an offensive diswithout manifesting fear or an offensive disposition. When Mrs. Bennett reached her
house she held open the door and awaited developments. His minkship hesitated a moment, then disabed through the doorway and
un wo flights of stairs, and proceeded to make
himself at hom. A cage was procured for the
strange pet, and it is now as tame as a kitten
with the members of the household, although
it resists the advancement of strangers. AFTERNOON TEA TOILETS.

English Custom and an American Fachi-Afternoon tea, which is a universal custon throughout England, is as much the occasion of a fashionable assemblage in New York as in London. But a New York 4 or 5 o'clock tea is a rather more ceremonious and dressy an in London.

Dress is an essential part of the afternoon tea of New Yorkers. The hostess in a



New York house where ten is served on her afternoons "at home" wears a dressy frock imilar to the one shown in our picture. It need not be precisely like this combination of dress, or one that is too dressy to wear in the street save in a carriage and under a long wrap. She may wear a frock out higher in the neck than the one in our picture. It may be more looped and in another style, for there is greater variety in styles this season than ever before. She may wear a few jewels. Gloves she does not need. Her shoes may be half high or slippers, and she may decorate them with bows of ribbon, or steel or jet buckles. Her high coiffure must be faultless in arrangement, and in it she may wear a fine lower matching the flowers of her corsage bouquet, or a small jewelled comb, or one or bouquet, or a small jewelled comb. or one or two fancy hair pins with jewelled heads. No matter what her ornaments or the colors of her tollet, she must present a fresh, cheerful, social, if not festive, appearance. If youthful, she frequently wears even-ing colors, but any color is correct wear for the hostess, from black and white to dark browns, reds, blues, and purples, provided they become her complexion, and if the toilet is made dressy and bright with laces, ribbons, flowers, and jewelled ornaments.



The guests or visitors who partake of the hospitality of a hostess who provides afternoon tea for them must come in dressy tollets also. A tailor-made gown, no matter how dressy, should never be seen at afternoon tea. When, however, it is of nale parl gray, white or opaline tinted cloth, silver or gold braided, and made by a tailor who is an artist—such a gown as the one shown in our third picture—there is a great temptation to wear it when visiting; but it is not good form to wear such a costume in parlors where the hour, the occasion, and the harmonies of the rooms demand that every tollet should be suggestive of social enjoyment, not of use.

The older guest in our tea party is evidently the chaperone of the young girl. All herdraperles are rich in arrangement and in texture. Her bonnet is a low-crowned capote, the latest, statellest bonnet of the season. Its trimmings are as rich as lace, feathers, bead ornamentation, and moire ribbons, with gold-cord edges, can make it. The colors of her toilet are seal brown and two tones of pale mahogany. The management of the two colors and shades are admirable, and suit her position, age, dignity, and wemanly beauty.

The young girl who accompanies her is arrayed in a symphony of Gobelin blue wool diagonal and plakish cream pean de soie entricled with delicate embroideries of stars and rosebuds in silver and plak. The bobe bonnet is pale rose, the ribbons on the same edged with silver, the pompon tipped with silver and crystal beads. The long warp which she wore in the carriage has been thrown off as she entered the parlor. From her pale tan sudde gloves to her pretty blue cloth-topped boots, foxed with patent leather, she is a daisy, a jewel, and a gom of purest ray serene, and not born to blush unseen or waste her sweetness on the desort air, for such girls are in demand at every entertainment in New York. The guests or visitors who partake of the hospitality of a hostess who provides afternoon



The matinée, improperly called tea gown, shown in the third cut, is the garment which women of the most luxurious tastes and habits wear during the mornings between their late breakfast and until a in the afternoon, or after that hour, if no social duty demands a more ceremonious toilet. The one shown in the cut is of dark Madeira wine-colored diagonal, with a Federa front of white surah. The sleeves and c.llar are lined with white plush, and cascades of white, cream or coffee-colored lase, with ribbons of any preferred color, are added at pleasure, sets of such laces being sold in all the shops where made up fichus, plasterns, collars, cuffs, and lace accessories of the toilet are kept in stock.

Such a tailor gown as this is worn by guests at breakfast and luncheon parties. Slik and light novelty wool dresses are also worn at such a neterfalments, but the dressy tailor gown is not out of place here. The one in our cut is composed of fine light purplish gray indies' cloth and dark bishops' purple veivet. The slik linings are pase canary yellow. The round cord braid embroideries are purple and gold; the fit and finish perfect. The gloves match the cloth, but are of a little paler shade of gray. The bonnet is of felt, purplish gray of a paler shade, the feathers and ribbons in graded tones of heliotrope and yellow, with a gint of gold now and then like a ray of sunshine through the whole.

WOMEN AS ARTISTS' MODELS.

THE ROMANCE OF POSING IN HAND-SOMELY APPOINTED STUDIOS. Liberties the Danger of Postag if the Medel Wishes to Remain Single-The Respecta-bility of the Work of a Female Medel.

The subject of artists' models is one that the world is never weary of. There is, undoubtedly, a certain romance in the life of a model, as there is in the life of an actress. The same imaginative temperament which sends one girl on to the stage sends another into the studios. Indeed, many young women unite the two professions. For a pretty young actress out of an engagement, the most natural recourse is to become a model. Many of the most attractive models in the New York studies during the past ten years have been girls who were actively employed as chorus singers, and in small "speaking parts," or else who were studying for the stage, and regarded their posing as a means of temporary support. One of the prettiest and most popular of New

York models was a girl with a face of that delicate neo-Greek type so often found among American women, and a magnificent head of golden hair. Her slight but rounded figure, beautiful head, and somewhat theatrical fash-ion of dress gave her the air of a princess of stage fairyland. She was on the stage nomi-naily, but she found posing so much more remunerative that she gave herself up to that entirely, and as long as her vogue lasted she made a good deal of money, because she combined in herself many of the qualities that go to make up an ideal model. She was extremely popular in the studios, and it was said that more than one well-known painter would gladly have laid not only his heart but his hand at her feet. To see her reclining on a leopard skin, in diap-hanous rosy draperies of that fine classic fashion that forms crisp, crinkly folds from shoulder to foot, with all her golden hair gathered in a knot on the top of her head, was to smiled up at you from among her rose-colored iraperies she made you think of a goldendraperies ane made you think of a goidenhearted althea flower. In a dusky red classic robe, with red vine leaves on her head, she became a magnificent young bacchante. Her lovely arms and shoulders, at once youthful, girrish, and mature, rendered it possible for her to wear costumes which would have made many women, even pretty ones, look like witches. The curve of her neck was a dream of delight, and she undoubtedly knew the artistic value of her own beauty.

Among these princesses of the studios are many women who have drifted into Bohemia through misiortune or social missteps. One of the handsomest women the profession has known gave up a luxurious home, social position, wealth, name, and everything else in Englished for private reasons, which brought her to America. When her money was exhausted she procured an engagement at a New York theatre to "go on." as stage people say, probably trusting to her beauty and her elaborate private wardrobe to pull her through. But, as she only attended rehearsal when it suited her convenience, she was promptly discharged, and she drifted into the studios. She posed until her strength gave out, and after a few days of absence from a studio where a haif-finished picture was awaiting her capriclous return, she was discovered by the artist, who had come to look her up, dying alone in her loddings. He was very kind to her, but his kindness came too late. The secretiveness and pride which belong of right to gently born and bred women had led her to conceal her necessities from every one, and she died soon after in the prime of her remarkable beauty. She was like the incarnation of a godiese of summer, large and fair, with red gold hair, a splendid piece of decoration, which Paul Veronese himself might have been glad to introduce into one of his venetian banquets.

Actresses make excellent models because they possess the costume instinct, and also the ability to pose gracefully and naturalily, while, on the other hand, what they learn from a model lies in the sense of impersonati hearted althea flower. In a dusky red classic robe, with red vine leaves on her head, she be-

sany warman a distaste for dish washing and plain sewing.

Then the sense of companionship with clever, brilliant, and joily men is of itself a pleasure. The relations of an artist with a congenial model who is bright and pretty are those of comradeship. In many cases artists fall in love with their models and marriage is the result. It is seldom that any scandal occurs, and when it does it is generally discovered that the model was a woman who would have created scandal in heaven. Some of the best New York artists have married models. I can think of five models at this moment who have become artists wives within two or three years, and they are all young women, upon whose reputation there is no stain.

The question is often asked by girls with pretty faces and graceful figures: "Is it respectable to be a model? Could I pose without risk of lasuit from the artists or without

years, and they are all young women, upon whose reputation there is no stain.

The question is often asked by girls with pretty faces and graceful figures: "Is it respectable to be a model? Could I pose "tithout risk of insuit from the artists or without losing my reputation?"

The first answer is that "reputation is a personal quality which does not belong to any profession, calling, or state of life. The woman who, as a model, loses her reputation, would probably have lost it anywhere."

To the question as to risk of insuit from artists, I would simply say there are blackguards in the artistic profession, as there are in every other. There are a few men who are carefully avoided by respectable models, but they are easily identified.

When we come to the question of general respectability or models in the eyes of the world we must, first of all, settle our point of view. Is it respectable from the standpoint of the Dorcas society old women in city or country who regard an artist, especially if he has lived at Paris, as a ruffian of the deepest dye, and who look upon actors and actresses as emissaries of Satan? No: it isn't. Is it respectable in the eyes of ladies who take boarders for company, or do dressmaking on the siy, and turn up their noses at women who work openly for a living? No, it isn't. Is not very long since artists of both sexes were looked askance upon. Twenty years ago young women who followed art occupied about the same position that minor actresses and models do to-day.

Of course being a model does not necessarily imply posing for the nude. Many models would very properly be disgusted at the idea of doing such a thing. Others pose nude for academies and classes, and of course do not attempt to conceal the fact.

The average may of a good female model is \$2 a day. A woman whose services are very much in demand may at times make \$3 a day. Twelve dollars a week is the salary of a female stongrapher and typewriter, who must study and practise for nearly a year before she can obe mandfor her serv

Seen by Carter Harrison in Japan.

The babies are strapped to the backs of their mothers and sisters scarcely larger than themselves. One often sees a dozen or two boys and girls under 10 at all sorts of play, one-half of them having babies on their backs, oftentimes when the little nurses are playing regular romps, the little ones sound askeep, their heads hanging down and flopping from side to side as if their little necks would break. Here in front of this hotel, when the tide was out, I saw hundreds early one morning seeking musies, mosses, and seaweed. Little fellows not over 10 wading about gathering shellfish, with bables instened to them. When they would also not over 10 wading about gathering shellfish, with bables instened to them. When they would also no hands and knees—the baby would almost stand on its head. I can say I have seen hundreds of those and have as yet heard but three bables origns. Little ones of 2 and 3 sometimes have dolls strapped to them. Not once have I seen a doll in the arms.

THE EITHER GROWING IN PAYOR.

Praise of the German Instrument which American Ofris are Tables Up. "It looks as though there might be a gither craze, just as there was a banjo creze, said a music teacher yesterday: "at least I have about ten applicants among Americans for instruction on the gither where I had one last year. The girls can't decorate githers hand, they cannot make such abominable combinations of noises with them; so that much is a comfort. You can't make very hideous noises on the zither. It is a soft and sentimental instrument, with a touch of the guitar and harp in it."

guitar and harp in it."

He picked up an instrument at his side, and drew his fingers across the strings, striking melodious chords. "You see," he said, "It is, in fact, a combination of the guitar and the harp. The keyboard is like that of a guitar, and there are five strings on the keyboard, as there are on a gultar keyboard. Bu

in addition to these there are full sets of accompaniment and base strings, which give the harp effect. The fact is you can imitate to perfection almost any stringed instrument on bary effect. The fact is you can indicate to perfection almost any stringed instrument of bary, and you can give a feeble imitation even of that, but the banjo gives merely musical slang, and the zither is the acme of all instruments for producing sounds which are tender and isanguishing.

"Maybe there is going to be a Lydia Languish epoch among the giris, instead of the whoop-la, banjo era, which seems to be on the whoop-la, banjo era, which seems to be on the whoop-la, banjo era, which seems to be on the whoop-la, banjo era, which seems to be on the whoop-la, banjo era, which seems to be on the whoop-la, banjo era, which seems to be on the whoop-la, banjo era, which seems to be on the whoop-la, banjo era, which seems to be on the whoop-la, banjo era, which seems to be on the whoop-la, banjo era, which seems to be on the whoop-la, banjo era, which seems to be on the whoop-la, banjo era, which seems to be on the whoop-la, banjo era, which seems to be on the whoop-la, banjo era, which seems to be a Lydia Languist era, and the seems to be on the whoop-la, banjo era, which seems to be on the languist era, and the seems to be on the languist era, and be readed to be languisted to the languisted to be languisted to be languisted to the languisted to be lan

tached, and which they could not think of leaving behind them when they turned their backs on the old home. And very often, indeed, the poor battered old zither proved a trusty and a true friend, said the musician, growing poetical, for when there was no work and the little stock of money was running low, and in the ignorance of the ways of the country the prospect of getting more was gloomy, then very often the member of the family who was the most skilful would take the old instrument, with its memories of pleasant fireside scenes in the faraway home over the sea, and go about with it playing from place to place, and its sweet voice would hardly ever full of going to some-body's heart, and so win a few coins from him. Then, of course, it came to be associated with frowsy lager-beer saloons; so thus it was in disrepute for a very long time, but it had a world of melody and poetry in its quaint old body, and it went on singing its sad, sweet songs in obscure places until people were forced to stop and listen to it; and thus it has been dragged forth into the light, and bids fair to take a stand in society and be made quite a lion of, after all. It is just as likely as not the girls will take to decorating it, even though it does not present the beautiful sheepskin surface for that purpose which the banjo does."

The Marriage Declared Void by the Pricat

The Marriage Declared Void by the Priest.

From the Boltimore Sun.

The Rev. Father William E. Bartlett of St. Ann's Catholic Church, York road, yesterday announced to his congregation that he had unwittingly performed a marriage ceremony for a counle, and that the man was ineligible to marry by reason of having a former wile still living. Previous to beginning his sermon at the 10 o'clock mass he said: "All people are apt to make mistakes, and I am no exception to the rule. It becomes my duty to announce that on the 24th of August last George E. Cook of the county Galway, ireland, and Margaret Finley of Mount Savago, Md., were married in this church, due care having been exercised to know that the parties were free to contract marriage ilcitly and validly. I have been since hiormed by respectable persons related to one of the parties that Mr. Cook had a wife living at the time of his attempted marriage. This boing the case, the marriage was and is invalid in the eyes of the Church and State."

After church Father Bartiett told a reporter that Cook, who is advanced in life, came to him "with his license duly made out, and solemnly asseverated that he had had a wife, but that she was dead. This was the truth, but at the same time an awful untruth, for his dirst wife did die years ago. His second wife is still living in Washington, and I have seen her in this city since. Cook, it appears, tried to get Father Gallen's doubts prevented him from complying. Cook asked me to have the wedding as quiet as possible, because he said that he being an old man and his bride young, be was alraid of being ridiculed and twitted. I accordingly complied. Margaret Finley, I believe, is a domestic in my parish, and I was not well acquainted with her."

Very Tough Travellers. From the St. Louis Republican.

From the St. Louis Republican.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Oct. 27. —The steamer City of St. Louis arrived here at 4 o'clock this evening, having on board 500 white laborers gathered in the Northwest by the agent of the New Orleans Levee Board, Capt. Brown. They were a tough lot, and as their passage to New Orleans had cost the State of Louisiana more than \$3,500, the agent telegraphed here from Cairo asking a detail of police to prevent their coming ashore when the boat landed, as he had already lost more than a hundred by desertion at points up the river. A detail of twelve men was made, and, as had been expected, as soon as the boat landed a rush was made, and they then began jumping on the wheels of the steamers lying near and utilizing the skiffs as a means of escape.

Altogether about fifty got away here during the three hours the beat was lying at the wharf, despite the extra precautions that had been taken. The laborers were indignant that the police should have been called on to watch them, and as the despatch of Captain Brown to the Chief denominated them tramps, and was so published in the afternoon papers, it looked for a time as if a riot was imminent. The Captain of the boat said that he had had a great deal of trouble on the trip down, and that they fired their pistois at every negro that they saw along the banks. They were gotten away without serious trouble, but it is doubtful if there will be 200 on board by the time the steamer reaches its destination.

HOW TO RECOME A CUTTER.

chools Where the Art is Learned-How Long it Takes and What it Costs-Infor-mation Beautifully Put Up by an Expert. A New Haven reader of THE SUN who wants to become a successful tailor pro-pounded to THE SUN the other day a tripledecker inquiry, which will interest hundreds others who may be in search of a lucrative and creditable livelihood by manual labor. This was the triple-decker inquiry:

Where can I learn to cut men's clothes well? Hew-long will it take to become a good cutter? What will When Cutter H. J. Drury, a learned profes-

sional, saw the queries he smiled genially.
"The cutter is the backbone and sinew of a successful clothing business," he said, "and your New Haven friend shows a laudable ambition in wanting to become a good cutter. The historic three tailors of Tooley street, who resolved in olden times that they were the" people of England," spoke with more truth about their natural status in the community than the present skeptical and carping age seems inclined to admit. It is an honorable and praise-

worthy thing to be a good cutter. One has only to be a bad one to find that out." "How can any one learn to be a good outter, though?" the visitor asked.

"By going to school just as you went to school to learn your A B C's," the learned

tailor retorted.

"Where are the schools?"

"Right here in town, at 820 Broadway and at 135 East Eighth street. These schools are not very well attended now, but if you were to go to them in the summer months, when the tailor business is in its vacation, so to speak, you would find scores and scores of young men busy with measures and shears practising the fine art of cutting clothes that will fit. It is a beautiful and entrancing study," the cutter added, with a proud consciousness of the worth of his calling, "and it is one that every-body cannot master in its perfection any more

worth of his calling," and it is one that everybody cannot master in its perfection any more than every one can become a great painter, or a great singer, or a great statesman. It takes time and genius to make you a good cutter."

"How much time?" the reporter asked.

"That depends on the natural gifts of the pupil. Nobody can learn it in much less than three months, however, and neither of the tailor colleges will give less than a quarter's tuition. The pupil is first taught to draft out patterns for clothes with chalk and a wooden measure from the measurement memorands given by the professor. When he has got so that these patterns will produce a garment that will fit something besides a lamp post or a pump he is allowed to try his hand on a live customer. If he makes errors the errors are corrected by the professor, and he tries again, until in a few weeks, more or less, provided of course that he is gifted with the natural genius that can alone produce a perfect fit, he is able to claim his diploma and start out into the wide world to lead a triumphant carser in the beneficent work of clothing mankind as that the grace and manly beauty of the race can be fully developed."

"That's great, "exclaimed the visitor enthusiastically. "The question that remains is, How much will it cost to do all this?"

"Well," replied Cutter Drury, as he dropped his busy shears and reached for a printed circular, "these are the terms that are adopted by standard colleges. You can read them for yourself."

These were the figures in the circular:

PROGRESS AMONG THE INDIANS.

Commissioner Atkins Says it has Been Greater than In Any Preceding Year. WASHINGTON, Nov. 5 .- J. D. C. Atkins, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in his annual report says: "A review of the year shows con-tinued progress on the part of the Indians. The progress shows itself all along the line in increased knowledge and experience as to the arts of agriculture, in enlarged facilities for stock growing, in better buildings and better nome appointments, and in the adoption of the dress and customs of the white man. Even higher evidence of progress is given in the largely increased attendance of pupils at school, which has been greater during the past year than during any preceding year, and in the still more gratifying fact, admitted by all intelligent and close observers of Indians, that the parents desire that their children

all intelligent and close observers of Indians, that the parents desire that their children shall avail themselves of the generous opportunities for education."

The Commissioner thinks it may be safely predicted that when the allotment system is thoroughly in operation there will be fewer cases reported of Indians having been driven from their homes through ignorance of their rights; there will be less conflict between the races, and the wisdom of Congress in making this beneficent provision will be everywhere recognized. He says that he is gratified to state that the more the Severalty act is discussed among the Indians the more they come to understand its operations, and the more they see members of their tribes accepting individual holdings and having houses erected and farms fenced and outlivated the more they are grounding their opposition to the act and signifying their wigh to accept its provisions.

The progress made in the school work during the year has been most gratifying, and the interest in education, both among the Indians and their friends, has clearly received a new innetus from the passage of the law providing for lands in severalty and citizeuship. From the reports of agents it is ascertained that the area of land under cuitivation has increased 25,000 acres over last year. Three thousand acres of new land have been broken. The increase in number of families engaged in agriculture is 1,598, and about 1,200 new houses have been erected. Farms are reported in better order and the cultivation of them more intelligent and systematic. Orchards are being planted, farm products marketed, and numerous other evidences of thrift and home life show their improvement.

As to teaching only English in Indian schools, the Commissioner says that no unity or community of feeling can be established among different peoples unless they are brought to speak the same language, and thus become imbued with like ideas of duty. The orders issued do not as has been urged, touch the question of the preaching of the Gos

A Saviny of Five Cents. Customer (to bartender)-What dy'e charge

for whiskey cocktails !

Barten-ler-Fifteen cents. sir, or twe-for a quarter.
Customer-Well. I ruses you had bester mist me up a
couple. There sin it a day passes that my wire den't asy
t ought to commise, and begin to think she's right.
Five cents aim t much, but it bests meeting.

A BARBER SHOP FOR WOMEN.

THEY GO IN AND GRY A BAIR OUT OR A BHAMPOO JUST LIKE MEN Five Men Work Hard, and there to Atways

" Next!"-How they Finger Fat Faces-The Secret of the Short-baired Qur's Curis

Now that the woman barber has budded and blossomed and faded away like a flower show out of season, the latest newthing in the tonsorial line is a woman's barber shop—not a mere hairdressing establishment, but a shop where women can run in any time of the day and have anything, from a plain hair out to e shampoo, just as men can in ordinary barber shops. There is a large one on Fourteens street. It i different in some respects from a male shop, but its general principle is see same. It does not have a striped pole for a for a hosiery emporium, perhaps, and its interior decorations lack the gidy wealth of high eigarette art and the ink weekly literary attractions that are so isish a feature of the places where men are shwed. It is up in the third story, over a store there adies' complexions and figures are sols and its furnishing is quietly suggestive of a parlog with three or four chairs in a row along one side. They are not the complicated avangenents with parent head rests, trap-dog backs and other attachments that are necessary to put a man into position to have his besid taken off. The chairs are plain, every-day clairs, not even armchairs. A counter and aboresse in on part of the room are dimly reemblank to the case of shaving soap and twenty-fivecent-for-ten C nnecticut Havana ciars of the male shop. There are five barbers in the Four-

chase customers about with a what periodi-cally ejaculate "Shine, ma'ami" or fill the other duties of a regular barber gassistant. The patrons of the shop buy a check in the store down stairs. For a plain hair cut it is, fifty cents, a shampoo costs fifty cents extra, and for a quarter extra a guaranteed, can't-betold-from-life complexion will be put on.
Up stairs the patrons sit ine row along the

counter. She has not yet been edimated up to

wall and wait for the first bather at leisure to call out: "Naixt! Five seventy-twil"

The woman with check 572 steps forward, her wraps removed, and puts herself at his mercy. A deft touch and two motions place her in the chair facing a vig mirror. "Vat vill it be?"

"I want my hair out."

"I want my hair out."

"Oul: how vill it be "
"Pointed, please, and out back on each side."
"Oil, oul; short of long?"
"Just medium, I think."
"Oul. oul, oul!"

Two whisks and a jerk place a huge callos bib around the victim's neck, and a few delicate and ingering touches tuck it away under the collar. Then the hairpins come out and three pulls and a twist bring the hair down in a cat-stract over the back of the chair. Then, with a bottle of tonic or something in one hand and the woman's front hair in the other, the barber alternates squirts of the liquid with vigorous pulls and rubs of the hair.

"Do I hurt? Oul! No! Ah!"

Then, with a pair of soissors in the hand that held the bottle, seventeen flourishes and five snips cut the straying ends of the bangs into the desired shape.

"Dus it suit? No! Oul! Ah!".

More flourishes and several long slashes trim the ends of the long hair to a fitting evenness, and then one dab loads a finger with vareine, and an infinity of rubs and plunges gets it thoroughly into the front hair.

"Ah!"

One pose and three motions satisfy the barber that he is all right so far, and he dashes off

gets it thoroughly into the front hair.

"Ah!"

One pose and three motions satisfy the barber that he is all right so far, and he dashes off the gas stove and gets a long curling iron. A gingerly touch and a smothered d—m prove that this is not all right at all, and it takes a dozen weird brandishes through the air to reduce it to a proper degree of temperature.

"Zat 'ees better."

It takes three twirls and seven motions to curl every lock of hair, and a stand-off and a pose go with every curl. All the time the barber is chattering French with the other four men, and the hapless victim, unless abe understands French and knows that the talk is to the effect that it is a nice day to-day, and they're going to get a new girl at hirs la Petter's boarding house, imagines all sorteof dire comment and chaff about herself passing book and forth.

"All"

A final pose and a grand awoop puts the gur-

back and forth.

"Ah!"
A final pose and a grand swoop puts the curling iron away, and then, with both handsadvanced and an air of timidity, the barber approaches until his outstretched finger tips nestle in the hair of either temple. Three different sets of swift careening touches, with a different pose of timidity to each, scatter the curls in a good imitation of waywardness over the forehead, and the barber springs back into a new pose and a distortion.

"Nice?"
Yes, very nice."
A li"
A long swoop removes the calico bib, and

A long swoop removes the calloo ofb, and three bows and a motion induce the woman to rise. A grab and seven flourishes with interjaculatory quivers with a small broad brushes the dress off back and truth and hop and two skips place the barber h possession of the woman's wraps.

"Allow me?"

A grace learned at French balls and burlessue shows puts the wrap over the shoulder

"Allow me?"

A grace learned at French balls and burlesque shows puts the wrap over the shoulder and adjusts its drapery becomingy. A pose and a gaze of admiration complete he job.

"Naixt! Five seventy-nine!"

The process is an entirely passive one on the part of the woman. Bhe takes her tonic, her vaseline, and even her bay rum without any questions from the barber. He cuts and slashes as he sees fit. He doesn't ask a lot of questions about how you want it and then do it the other way, and he doesn't talk politics and metaphysics between snips. And yet when one of them was asked: "Do you get many tips?" he answered with a world of scorn in his tone:

"Teeps! Monsieur, it see scemen zat ve vork for! Zay nefair teep!"

These five barbers in the Feurteenth street shop are kept busy all day, so that women who are up to the tricks of the place buy the tickets beforehand and keep them till they are ready to use them, so that they get the first vacant chair when they go to the shop. All sorts of women go there, even some that could well afford to have a hairtresser at their homes. Especially profitable patrons are the short-haired girls. Apparently every girl with a cropped head has crisp little curls all over it. Hall the time or oftener these are the work of a barber and not of nature. With two or three visits to the barber shop every week the short-haired girl, even in the dampest weather, can keep her hair in as bewitching a state of curliness as ever fooled an innocent and confiding man. In ordinary fall and winter weather one barbering will last a short haired girl a weather.

Huntin Down a .. andit.

Huntin Bown a madt.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The noted Mexican bandit Bernal is just now giving the Mexican authorities meet trouble than any other man of that class is given them for a number of years. He is not operating in the southern part of the Stated Sinaloa, and it is said his deeds of atrocityare such as to freeze the blood in the veins of the most hardened criminal. He has a following of not more than twenty, but they are len equally as desperate as himself, and they are terrorized a large section of country. Schesperate have they become that a large number of the soldiers stationed along the Mnora Biver have been ordered to proceed sout and assist the troops along the Yaqui Biver industing down the bandit and his gang. Longwars of outlawry have made them bolder, all they have murdered and robbed the peaceul inhabitants of large villages and communics.

**OUEER WRINKLES.** 

A Day to Remember. Counsel (to witness, the father of | family) -Why are you so certain. Mr. Smith, that the event occurred on such a date? May you not be distalen? Witness—impossible, dr. It was the day filkin't have to buy any of my children a pair of shoes.

Not Much of a Christian

Caller (to old Mrs. Bently)-Wha does your usuand think, Mrs. Bently, of the garrel church!

Uld Mrs. Sently—I've never heard him sy. I'm serry,
but John don't seem to take much integet in religious
matters.

Took Her Unaward Caller (to elderly maiden)-Youare not look-

ing wes, Miss Spinster. Sudden change in the weather, I suppose ? Miss Spinster—No, sir; it's the suden change in the constant root. Ah, me! To Be Depended Tron.

Gentleman-I don't like to say you for the ab, Uncle Rastus, until it's done. fou might go back

Uni e Bastus (earnost y)—'Deed won't, boss, 'deed I won't see white it a le common Why Bobby Rifused.

Minister-And so the littleboys asked you to

play marbles on Sunday, Bobby, and you refused. Bubby—Yes, sir.

Hittister—New foll me why it was Bobby, that you se-rand.

Bebby—Cause they wester's any fee hoogs.